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# the Lone Ranger



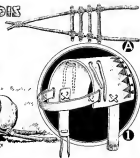
# INDIAN DOG TRAVOIS



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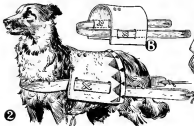
A real Indian travois harness can be made for your dog with very little effort and material. The harness shown in Fig. 1 was made from discarded leather. But if leather is not available, use a double thickness of heavy canvas, folded and sewn.

After making the body piece, cut a breast strap  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide and attach to the body



piece, see Fig. 1. Use your dog for correct measurements. On each side of the body piece, near the top, cut holes and insert leather thongs for tying the travois to the harness, as in Fig. 1. Now cut out bellybands, and attach as shown in Fig. 1.

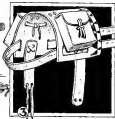
The travois, Fig. A, is made of strong, light poles, fastened at the tops with heavy cord.



2

Crosspieces are also tied with cord.

If your dog is large you may want to utilize the travois harness for pulling a sled, or cart. To do this simply cut the breast strap long enough to form traces. These should extend out about 12 inches behind your dog, see Fig. 2. Attach this combination breastpiece and traces to the harness body as shown in



3

Fig. 3.

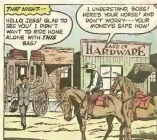
When the travois is used with this harness, the traces may be tied to the first crosspiece on the travois for added pulling ease. Fig. 3 shows how homemade saddle pockets may be attached to the harness with leather thongs for carrying small items, such as food, first-aid kits, etc., on camping trips.

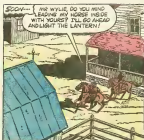


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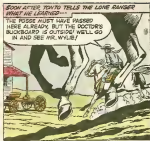
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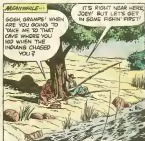
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HOW DO WE KNOW  
YOU'LL KEEP YOUR  
WORD AN' NOT  
HURT JOHN?

YOU'LL JUST  
HAVE TO  
TRUST ME!



THAT'S NOT  
MUCH TO GO  
ON, IS IT?



QUIT STALLIN'! I'M  
COUNTIN' TO THREE AN'  
THEN THE FIREWORKS  
BEGIN!... ONE!



HE SOUNDS AS IF HE WERE  
JUST BELOW ME NOW!

TWO!



WHAT WAS THAT?

THUMP!





**MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE OUTLAW HAS SEARCHED--**

THE INITIALS ON THE SUITCASE ARE  
T.W.--THE MONEY MUST BELONG  
TO TOM WYLE! AND THIS LETTER  
IMPLICATES HIS FOREMAN, JERRY!  
HE PLANNED IT, DIDN'T HE,  
RAFE AND BART?



**LATER, AS THE UNSUCCESSFUL POISSON RETURNS TO THE LAZY W SADDONLY--**







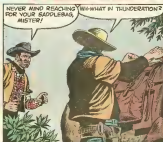
# the Lone Ranger

## REWARD FOR SAM

RECKON WE'RE STILL HALF A DAY'S RIDE FROM HOGDOC CITY, SAM! I'M TOO TUCKERED OUT TO PUSH ON--- WE'LL BED DOWN HERE!



SAM, WHEN YOU GET TIRED CHASING THAT JACKRABBIT, COME BACK HERE FOR SOME SALS!



NEVER MIND REACHING FOR YOUR SADDLEBAG, MISTER!

WH-WHAT IN THUNDERATION?



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HOLDING A GUN ON ME?

JUST KEEP 'EM HIGH TILL I RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR HARDWARE!



YOU'RE GONNA GET A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR THE DAMN LITTLE CASH I'M CARRYIN'...

---I'LL TAKE YOUR POKE, MISTER! BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN HOW' OFF ON YOUR HORSE!





I WORKED HARD FOR THOSE WAGES, BUT I FIGURED I'D GET THE LAZY S WHEN OLD TOM SNYDER DIED— WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY RELATIVES! HE DIED THE DAY BEFORE I WROTE YOU! HE LEFT HIS VALUABLE SPREAD TO A DOG AND THE OLD GENT WHO OWNS HIM!

TO A DOG?



YEAH! I CHECKED WITH THE LOCAL LAWYER—THE WILL'S LEGAL! SEEMS A FEW YEARS BACK, SNYDER WAS STAYING IN A HOTEL WHEN THE PLACE CAUGHT FIRE! HE'D HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IF A BLACK AND WHITE PUP HADN'T SOUNDED THE ALARM! SO HE LEFT EVERYTHING TO ALKALI PICKENS AND HIS POODCH NAMED SAM---

---SAM!



LOOK AT THESE CERTIFICATION PAPERS—THE OLD-TIMER I ROBBED WAS **ALKALI PICKENS** AND HE CALLED HIS DOG **SAM**!

TRUSTING THEN OUR LUCK'S CHANGED! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KILL PICKENS, GET THE DOG, AND---



KILL PICKENS?

THAT'S RIGHT! SNYDER'S LAWYER STILL WASN'T FOUND ANYONE WHO KNOWS WHAT PICKENS LOOKS LIKE! WITH HIS DOG AND HIS PAPERS YOU CAN POSE AS PICKENS ONCE YOU DROP HIM!



HOLD ON! THE LAW EAST OF HERE WANTS ME FOR A LOT OF CRIMES, BUT **MURDER** ISN'T ONE OF 'EM!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE --- SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE A TWO-BIT THIEF ON THE DOGS OR ASSUME ALKALI'S IDENTITY AND LIVE LIKE A KING!



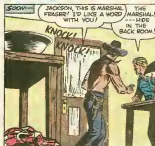
NO ONE KNOWS ALKALI AND NO ONE HERE KNOWS YOU! GET THE DOG AND YOU OWN THE LAZY S!

SEE YOU THERE LATER—ALKALI'S ON FOOT AND HELPLESS! I'LL BACKTRACK TO HIM RIGHT NOW!











AS THE DOOM FLUNG INTO DARKNESS, TONTO AND MARSHAL RIDGER ARE SAFE, BUT BURRO BATES ASPERMENTLY BOLTS OUT THE BACK, LEAVING ONTO THE STOLEN HORSE—



SAM PICKED UP MY AMBUSHER'S TRAIL, AND TRACKED HIM HERE— TO MY STOLEN HORSE! SAM LED US HERE IN TIME FOR THE MASKED MAN TO SWING INTO ACTION!

TONTO AND I OWE OUR LIVES TO SAM, ALL-ALL, BUT WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHAT FOLK OWE TO SAM!



AS THE PRISONERS ARE BOUND, THE MARSHAL TELLS ALBRI OF HIS UNEXPECTED ASSISTANCE—

LOOK AT SAM WAS HIS TAIL! HE SURE LIKES THE MASKED MAN EVEN IF HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS NAME!

IT'S A NAME ALL THE LAYMEN OF THE WEST KNOW AND RESPECT. HE'S THE LONG RANGER!





Sun-on-Rock was looking for a scalp. The coming winter promised to be a hard one for the Cheyenne. Many of the rivers were polluted; buffalo were many days ride apart; and, already, Sun-on-Rock's moccasins were stamping designs in the light snow.

At sixteen, an Indian was considered unmanly if he couldn't boast of at least one scalp. With the harsh winter ahead, Sun-on-Rock's father had sent him out to find a scalp—or not return.

The young Indian's long, callish legs carried him swiftly past cottonwoods and elms. A rabbit stared at him curiously. The Indian had reached for an arrow, but the rabbit scurried behind a tree.

There were too many cavalry patrols near the fort. His best plan was to surprise one of the fur trappers, who disdained the safety of the fort.

The Indian youth looked for tell-tale signs as he moved, a green twig, a boot track, anything to indicate a white man had passed.

Suddenly, Sun-on-Rock stopped. He'd heard the rustle of underbrush. He dropped on his stomach and crawled silently towards the noise. Half hidden by a dogwood bush was a man. A white man! Sun-on-Rock slid his tomahawk noiselessly out of his belt; coiled his strong, young body and leaped! His tomahawk stopped in mid-air at what he saw. There was his fur trapper. Completely help-

less. The bearded, warmly-dressed trapper's right leg was caught in one of his own bear traps! His eyes looked up at the young Indian, neither asking nor expecting mercy.

Sun-on-Rock raised his tomahawk again. He thought of the scorn he would receive if he returned to the village without a scalp; he thought of his brothers and sisters who had been killed by white men. With his left hand, he grabbed the trapper's hair.

But he couldn't strike the fatal blow!

He shattered the steel trap with his tomahawk and helped the trapper to his feet.

"Oooh . . . aw," grunted the white man. "Don't reckon it's busted, but it sure hurts like fire."

"Umdago," said Sun-on-Rock.

"Can't sorry your linga, but you're aces in my book. My name's Carlos."

Carlos gave Sun-on-Rock some jerked venison from his knapsack. Then, with the Indian boy helping him, he limped back to his cabin.

"Well, what do you want, Geronimo, for saving my life?" asked Carlos when they'd had some hot coffee.

Sun-on-Rock shook his head puzzledly.

"No sorry, eh, sport? Well, the least I can do is load you up with grub. You look like you'd admire a square meal. Come on."

He handed Sun-on-Rock a rifle and showed him how to use it.

But they found nothing that day. When





night come, Sun-on-Rock slept in the warm cabin and, the next day, they went out looking for game again. They weren't out long before they came upon bear tracks.

"Grizzly," grunted Carlos.

They followed the tracks over rocky ground until they unexpectedly came upon the monstrous bear, munching some berries.

"Aim for his eyes," said Carlos. Their shots rang out almost together.

The bear whirled on his hind legs and lumbered toward them with unbelievable speed.

"Run for it!" yelled Carlos, scrambling for a tree. But Sun-on-Rock stood his ground, trying to reload the strange thunder stick. The bear swung his huge paw once and the Indian boy fell to the ground, unconscious. The bear was about to pounce on him when Carlos leaped on his back. The tropper sunk his knife, again and again, in the thick hide; but the huge animal refused to die. He twisted his body furiously, but Carlos hung on.

Regaining consciousness, Sun-on-Rock dove for cover and reloaded. Seeing Sun-on-Rock was safe, Carlos released his hold and the wounded bear fled, with loud crashes, through the thick brush.

"Whew!" said Carlos, rubbing his leg. "I don't want any more that close."

Sun-on-Rock smiled and extended his hand to thank Carlos for saving him.

"Aw—forget it," said Carlos, in obvious

embarrassment. "Let's follow that buzzard. He can't get far."

They found the lifeless body of the bear, about a mile distant. After skinning the animal, they loaded its body on a sled.

"Well, Geronimo," said Carlos, "I hate to see you go, but I reckon your kinfolks need that meat."

But Sun-on-Rock shook his head.

"What's the matter?" said Carlos, "too much to carry?"

Sun-on-Rock shook his head and pointed to his braided hair.

"Oh, I sorry. You can't go back to tepees without a scalp, eh? Follow me."

They walked back to the cabin and Carlos pulled something out of a pack. "I use this when I go courtin'. But I reckon it's not as important as a man's reputation. You're welcome to it."

Sun-on-Rock regretfully bid his friend goodbye, and retraced his steps to the sled.

The snow was falling harder now, and it was a long way back to the village, but Sun-on-Rock's heart was at peace. He had food for his brothers and sisters for many moons. And, for his father (fastened very securely to Sun-on-Rock's belt) was Carlos' toupee.

THE END



# YOUNG HAWK













THEY DO NOT SEE US, YOUNG HAWK!

IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD SHY AWAY, NOW! THEY ARE AFRAID OF THE DROP-OFF!



NO! STAY DOWN! IF THE BUFFALO DO SHY AWAY FROM US, THE SQUAW WILL NOTICE IT—AND COME HUNTING US!

DON'T I DON'T THINK OF THAT? WHAT SHALL WE DO?



WAIT UNTIL ALL THE SIOUX HAVE GONE DOWN TO THE RIVER! SEE! HERE COME THE BRAVES WHO STARTED THE DRIVE! THEY'LL FOLLOW THE SQUAW DOWN THE BLUFF!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BLUFF, CARCASSES ARE PILED SEVERAL DEEP! THE SIOUX SQUAW HAVE THEIR WORK CUT OUT FOR THEM.



THEY HAVEN'T EVEN LEFT A LOOKOUT TO WARN THEM OF ENEMIES!

THAT'S LUCK FOR US! BUT I WISH WE COULD GET HOLD OF A GOOD SIOUX BOW!



CANCES! CLOSE TO THE SIOUX CAMP! NO-BODY WATCHING THEM

TONIGHT PERHAPS..









# INDIAN MOCCASIN TRACKS



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When white men first began to settle in the West, they were not long in discovering that the Indians often knew the best protection against the hazards of the vigorous frontier weather. The settler adopted many of their ways, but the first part of the Indians' garb to be copied was the moccasin—the real “brand marks” of the Redmen.

Nearly every tribe has its own pattern, or moccasin shape. Five of these are shown in the black space below. The difference in shape is very marked when the patterns are first cut, and the finished moccasin, shown on the right, below, exhibits a like difference. Fig. 1 is the Crow shape, Fig. 2 is Dakota, and Fig. 3 is Cheyenne.

Tribal moccasin decorations, whether of paint or of beads, also varied, making it possible for an Indian to tell another's tribe by a quick glance at his moccasins. And an Indian tracker knew the name of a tribe that had just passed by the shape of the tracks in the trail dust.

Scouts and frontiersmen of the early West learned to read moccasin tracks, and were thereby able to discern if friendly or hostile tribes were using the nearby trails.

To deceive their enemies, however, Indians on the warpath were known to wear the moccasin shape of a friendly tribe. Others fastened a long, heavy fringe to their heels which dragged in the dust or snow and destroyed their tracks as they walked along.



# EVERYONE does it— WHY NOT YOU?

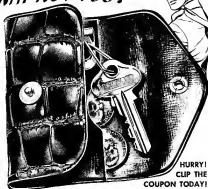


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